NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

AN ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY AMONG THE EGBAS AND YORUBAS OF CENTRAL AFRICA, IN 1859-60. By Robert Campbell. 12mo. pp. 145. Thomas Hamilton.

The author of this volume is of African descent, and a person of energy and intelligence, devoted to the spread of Christian civilization in the land of his progenitors.

The expedition of which an account is here given departed from Liverpool in the month of June, 1859, arrived off Sierra Leone in the following July, and toward the close of the same month anchored off Lagos, an island of 30,000 inhabitants in the Bight of Benin. After a friendly reception by the king of Lagos, Mr. Campbell remained a few weeks on the island, and then proceeded by canoes up the river Ogun to Abbeokuta. He was hospitably welcomed by the king, who evinced great interest in the purposes of his mission. The monarch presented a striking specimen of the native African of that region. He had not a rag of clothing above the loins, but otherwise his toilette might have excited the admiration of Brummell. His head was adorned with a splendid velvet cap trimmed with gold; he wore a costly necklace of coral, and a double scarf of the same material; a velvet cloth was thrown gracefully about his person, under which a sort of loose trowsers reached to the knees. His household was arranged on a scale of even more than patriarchal liberality. A hundred wives administered to his domestic felicity, one of whom was seated on the same mat fanning him. He fondled an infant on his knees, and eight or ten of his other little children, looking as nearly alike as a crop of mushrooms, were frolicking around him. On his right sat several very old men dressed in white robes, who composed the privy council of his majesty, while a few slaves, his chief administrative officers, were near at hand. The king's person is considered too sacred for the people's gaze, and he is never permitted to leave the palace except on special occasions, and then he only goes into the open space outside the palace gates, one of his wives being in attendance to screen his face with a large fan.

The native cities in this part of Africa, as described by Mr. Campbell, have no pretensions to convenient arrangement, and are even destitute of any thing that can properly be called streets. The houses, or compounds, as they are termed, are scattered without taste or discretion, according to the fancy of the owner, crooked and narrow lanes being left between them. These dwellings are sometimes of enormous proportions, accommodating, or rather incommoding, from 20 to 200 inmates, especially in those of the wealthier classes which are occupied by over 300 tenants. They are built of mud, but are in some instances plastered and smoothed in such a manner that a stranger would not suspect the material. Sheep and goats are gathered within the inclosure at night. In almost every house, there is a large dovecot in which are bred myriads of common domestic pigeons. The care of chickens, ducks, and other poultry, is a favorite pursuit with the people.

Their food consists chiefly of a preparation of corn macerated in water until it begins to ferment. It is then crushed between stones, and the chaff separated by repeated washings. After this, the milky liquor is boiled in large pots until it assumes a consistency a little stiffer than cream, and as it cools becomes as firm as jelly. The taste at first is rather disagreeable, but liking usually comes by use. A portion of it about the size of a common roll, wrapped in leaves, is sold for five cowries, or about a mill. An adult native consumes from four to eight of these little packages at a meal, seasoning the farinaceous mass with a potent sauce made by cooking together palm oil, pepper, locust seed, ocros, ogeri, and several esculent herbs. Ground beans and pepper fried in oil, cooked yams beaten with water in a wooden mortar, with certain other dishes made of corn, or rice, form also delectable articles of diet. Native beer, brewed from maize or Guinea corn, is abundant, and often good. Another palatable beverage is prepared from the sap which flows from incisions in the palm-tree.

The people are addicted to various branches of labor, to display a degree of industry rarely surpassed among civilized nations. The native blacksmiths work sitting on the ground. Their bellows is hewn out of a block of wood about three feet long and six or seven inches deep, in the form of two cups connected by a tube, to the middle of which another tube of clay is attached, through which the current of air is propelled. The two cavities are each covered with a sack of untanned hide, and a stick of wood about three feet long is fastened to each sack. A little boy having hold of the ends of these stocks, lifts and depresses them alternately, and thus secures the action. The fuel is charcoal made from the hard shell surrounding the kernel of the palm-nut. The apparatus of the weavers is very simple. There are two kinds—one used by the men, producing cloth of only a few inches in width, and another by the women, producing cloth as wide as that of English manufacture.

The implements of the farmer consist merely of the hoe and the billhook. The hoe is badly mounted, with short handles, obliging the operator to stoop in using it. The soil is prepared by heaping the surface earth in hills, close together and in regular parallel lines. Cotton, yams, corn, cassava, beans, grow at the side of each other in the same field. The beautiful blue, almost purple, dye of their clothes, is from a large climbing plant. The tender leaves and shoots are gathered while young, crushed in wooden mortars, and the pulp made up in balls and dried. A few of these balls are placed in a strong lye, until the vegetable matter is decomposed; the cloths are then put in and moved about until sufficiently colored.

Palm oil factories are very numerous. The nuts are gathered by men; the integuments taken off by women; and they are then boiled in large iron pots. After the fiber has been crushed off in mortars, they are placed in large clay vats filled with water, and two or three women tread out the semi-liquid oil, which comes to the surface, where it is collected, and again boiled to get rid of the water which mechanically adheres to it. No part of the palm nut is wasted. After extraction of the oil, the fiber is dried and used for kindling. The kernel is used for making another oil, excellent for native soap, and for burning in lamps. The shell is burnt for charcoal, and used by the native blacksmiths. The women all through the country prepare from the juice of the sugar-cane a sort of candy, which forms an agreeable substitute for sugar.

Some of the personal habits of the natives are not a little remarkable. The men universally shave, not only the beard, but the eyebrows, the nostrils, and frequently the entire head. Many have a strip of hair from the forehead, over the crown of the head, down to the back of the neck. The Mahometans have also a little tuft of hair on the chin. The margin of the eyelids is blackened with antimony, which every native carries about with him for the purpose. The women dye the palms of the hands, finger-nails, and feet, with ground camwood. Sometimes when about to participate in religious observances, their entire person is colored in this way. They pay great attention to the teeth, using the chewed ends of certain roots for the purpose of brushes. Except the youngest children, everybody uses tobacco. It is taken in the form of snuff, not into the nostrils, but on the tongue. A small quantity of benin-seed, and of a kind of native soda, is ground with the snuff. There are but a few who are smokers, and they are chiefly emigrants. The use of ardent spirits is very common, yet the natives seldom drink to intoxication. Cola nuts, a bitter and slightly astringent vegetable, are in general use, although in some places expensive. A present of cola nuts is regarded as one of the strongest proofs of respect and affection.

The natives are singularly courteous in their manners. Their scrupulous attention to politeness is scarcely surpassed even by the French. Two persons, although entire strangers, never pass each other without exchanging salutations, and the utmost deference is paid to the relative social position of the parties. The style of address varies with the rank of the individuals. The superior usually gives the first salutation, and when the disparity of position is great, the inferior prostrates himself on the ground. The young always prostrate themselves to the aged. Women only kneel, but sons, without reference to age or rank, prostrate themselves before their mothers or senior female relatives.

Except with the few Africans who have been brought under the influence of Christianity, polygamy is universal. Wealth and bravery in war are the principal conditions of social rank; and the former is estimated by the number of wives, children, and slaves, which an individual possesses. Wives are commonly engaged at an early period, frequently before six or seven years old. A stipulated sum is paid to the parents, and occasionally presents are given both to them and to the betrothed. The engagement is indicated by placing a bracelet about the wrist. The damsel remains with her parents until of proper age to be taken home to her husband. If her character is free from reproach, she is received with brilliant honors; she is adorned with costly jewels; walks in procession with a large company of maidens through the city; and is loaded with presents and congratulations by her friends. In some instances, a man goes to the slave mart, cash in hand, and makes his choice. In proportion to their wealth, men possess from a single wife to two or three hundred; except the chiefs, however, few have more than twenty.

Slavery, as well as its kindred vice polygamy, exists throughout this portion of Africa, but it is found in a greatly mitigated form. There is little difference between the condition of the master and of his slave, since the one possesses almost every advantage accessible to the other. Slaves often fill the highest positions. At Abbeokuta, the King's chief officers are slaves. On certain state occasions, one of them is often permitted to assume in public the position of the King, and receive the homage which belongs to his master. Slaves are procured chiefly by conquest. Not a few are brought into Slavery as a penalty for crime. Some are sold for debt. Children are frequently kidnapped and sold into distant parts.

The medical profession is held in high esteem, and the members of it are as strenuous in their mutual competition, as if they practiced under regular diplomas.

There are many doctors—physicians, I might have said—throughout the Aku country; and they are as jealous of their profession, and as opposed to innovation in practice, as the most orthodox disciple of Æsculapius among us can be. Shortly after the return of Mr. S. Crowther, jr., from London, where he received the training of a surgeon, several of these doctors, hearing that he was prescribing for many who were before their patients, assembled *en masse* in the market-place, and after due deliberation issued an "injunction" that he should forthwith abandon his practice. Some of the foremost of them were deputed to communicate the decree of the faculty. They were cordially received, and heard with patience. After some conversation, Mr. C. informed them that he was willing to obey, but only after a trial on both sides should prove him to be the less skilled in the mysteries of the profession. To this they consented. Time was given for preparation on both sides. In the afternoon the regulars appeared, clothed in their most costly garments, and well provided with orishas or charms attached to all parts of their persons and dress. In the meantime Mr. Crowther had also prepared to receive them. A table was placed in the middle of the room, and on it a dish in which were a few drops of sulphuric acid, so placed that a slight motion of the table would cause it to flow into a mixture of chlorate of potash and white sugar. A clock was also in the room, from which a small bird issued every hour, and announced the time by cooing. This was arranged so as to coo while they were present. Mr. Crowther then made a brief harangue, and requested them to say who should lead off in the contest. This privilege they accorded to him. The door was closed, the curtains drawn down. All waited in breathless expectation. Presently the bird came out, and to their astonishment cooed twelve times, and suddenly from the midst of the dish burst forth flame and a terrible explosion. The scene that followed was indescribable: one fellow rushed through the window and scampered; another, in his consternation, overturning chairs, tables, and everything in his way, took refuge in the bed-room, under the bed, from which he was with difficulty afterward removed. It need not be added that they gave no more trouble, and the practice they sought to break up was only the more increased for their pains.

Mr. Campbell closes his volume with some practical suggestions to emigrants, which are well deserving attention by those for whom they are especially intended. The native authorities are not only favorably disposed toward civilized settlers, but welcome their arrival with enthusiasm. The sea coast, which abounds with mangrove swamps, is unhealthy, although many of the deaths are undoubtedly caused by indulgence in spirituous liquors. The interior towns are more salubrious, but even here, the emigrant must expect an occasional attack of bilious fever, until the process of acclimation is complete. The expense of a voyage to Lagos directly from the United States is about $100 for a first-class passenger, and $20 less for a second class. By the way of Liverpool, beside the expense of a voyage thither, the expenses are more than double. Twenty-five dollars will cover the expense of landing at Lagos, and of the journey to Abbeokuta. As much land as can be used for agricultural purposes may be obtained without charge; but town lots cost from $2 to $100. There is a decided demand for intelligent colored Americans, especially agriculturists, mechanics, and capitalists, with suitable religious and secular teachers. The worst time to arrive at Lagos is from the last of May to the first of September; the bar is then bad; and the season is dangerous. During the rest of the year, there is no risk. Cotton from Abbeokuta has been an article of export to the British market for about eight years. In 1859 the quantity amounted to about 6,000 bales of 120 pounds each. The plant abounds throughout the entire country, and the natives cultivate it for the manufacture of cloths for their own consumption. In Africa, cotton is perennial, and hence the expense of replanting every year is avoided. Free laborers for its cultivation can be employed each for about one-half the interest of the cost of a slave in South Carolina, and land at present can be had without price. So great are the advantages promised by a settlement in Africa, that the shrewd author of this volume has determined to exchange his prospects in America, which are as good as those of colored men generally, for the chances of improving his condition by emigration.

THE (LONDON) QUARTERLY REVIEW. April, 1861. (L. Scott & Co.'s Republication.)

The staunch old "Quarterly" opens this time with a very amusing paper entitled "The Pearls and Mock Pearls of History," showing, among other things, how little reliance is to be placed on most of the famous sayings which have been placed by historians in the mouths of illustrious men. The key-note of the article is found in Voltaire's remark that "as for the greater number of the stories with which the *ana* are stuffed, including all those humorous replies attributed to Charles the Fifth, to Henry the Fourth, to a hundred modern princes, you find them in Athenæus and in our old authors. It is in this sense only that one may say 'there is nothing new under the sun.'" For instance, the epigrammatic remark ascribed to Queen Christina of Sweden, on the revocation of the edict of Nantes by Louis the Fourteenth, "He has cut off his left arm with his right," properly belongs to Valentinian. That of the peasant to the same monarch, "It is useless to enlarge your park at Versailles; you will always have neighbors," is found in Apuleius, and has also been placed in the mouth of a Norfolk laborer, with reference to the lordly domain of Holkham.

Commodore Billings, in his account of his Expedition to the Northern Coasts of Russia, says that, when he and Mr. Main were on the river Kobima, they were attended by a young man from Kanoga, an island between Kamchatka and North America. One day Mr. Main asked him, "What will the savages do to me if I fall into their power?" "Sir," said the youth, "you will never fall into their power, if I remain with you. I always carry a sharp knife; and if I see you pursued and unable to escape, I will plunge my knife into your heart; then those savages can do nothing more to you." The same arrangement seems to have been contemplated by the French knight, whose answer to Queen Margaret is reported by Joinville. "Swear to me," said the Queen, "that, if the Saracens become masters of Damietta, you will cut off my head before they can take me." "Willingly," replied the knight, "I had already thought of doing so, if the contingency arrived."

Flores, describing the battle in which Catiline fell, says: "Not one of the enemy survived the conflict." The day after the battle of Rocroy a French officer asked a Spaniard what were the numbers of their veteran infantry before the battle. "You have only," said he, "to count the dead and the prisoners." A Russian officer, on being asked the number of the troops to which he had been opposed, pointed to the field of death, saying, "You may count them; they are all there."

It is related of Pompey that when the danger of a voyage, to bring provisions for Rome in a scarcity was pressed upon him, he replied, "The voyage is necessary, but my life is not." Marshal Saxe, starting for the campaign of Fontenoy, at the risk of his life, said to Voltaire, "It is not the question of living, but of going." Voltaire himself when remonstrated with by his friends against attending the rehearsal of "Irene," replied "The question is not to live, but to have my tragedy played." Racine had anticipated both Voltaire and Marshal Saxe by a line in "Berenice." "But speak not of living; we must reign." Voltaire, according to the old story, when told that he was very generous in praising Haller, since Haller had spoken in just the contrary way of him, replied, "I dare say we were both very much mistaken." But the same idea had been expressed long before Voltaire. Libanius writes to Aristænetus, "You are always speaking ill of me; but I speak nothing except good of you. Do you not fear that neither of us will be believed." So too Themistocles, who in his greatness was courted by a person who had despised him in his low estate, remarked, "We have both grown wise, but too late."

The anecdote of Southampton reading "The Faery Queen" while Spenser was waiting in the ante-chamber, may match the story related of Louis XIV. As this monarch was going over the improvements of Versailles with Le Notre, the sight of each fresh beauty tempts him to some fresh extravagance, till the architect cries out, that if their promenade is continued in this fashion it will end in the bankruptcy of the State. Southampton, after sending first twenty and then fifty guineas, on coming to one fine passage after another, at length exclaims, "Turn the fellow out of the house, or I shall be ruined."

In the scene of "Henry VI.," where Lord Say is dragged before Jack Cade, we have the lines:

> "*Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man?
> *Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me."

Charles I., on the morning of his execution, said to the groom of the chambers, "Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary, by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some will imagine proceeds from fear. I would not have this believed of me; for I fear not death." When the distinguished astronomer Bailly was brought to the guillotine, one of the executioners accused him of trembling: "If so, it is with cold," was the reply.

The celebrated passage by Macaulay about the New-Zealander amid the ruins of London was anticipated in a letter from Walpole to Sir Horace Mann: "At last some curious traveler from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra." Macaulay's New-Zealander first appeared full grown upon the stage in 1840 in a review of Ranke's "History of the Popes," but the same illustration in embryo may be found in the concluding paragraph of a review of Mitford's "History of Greece," published in 1824.

With regard to the positive fabrication of many of the good things ascribed to great men in biographical tradition, the Quarterly reviewer collects numerous instances which he does not hesitate to call in question, or perhaps to pronounce unblushing inventions. Thus, the high-flown phrase, "The guard dies, and does not surrender," was vehemently denied by Cambronne, its reputed author, and when, in spite of his disclaimer, the City of Nantes was authorized by royal ordonnance to inscribe it on his statue, the sons of Gen. Michel laid formal claim to it for their father. It was invented by Rougemont, a prolific writer, who drew on his imagination for his facts, two days after the battle of Waterloo, when it appeared in a Parisian journal.

The last dying words of celebrated men present an extensive field for the fictions of biographers. It is said that the parting address of Louis XIV. to Madame de Maintenon was, "We shall soon meet again," and that she murmured, "A pleasant rendezvous he is giving me; that man never loved any one but himself." M. Louis Blanc relates, "When the Abbé Dupanloup repeated to him the words of the Archbishop of Paris, 'I would give my life for M. de Talleyrand,' he replied, 'He might make a better use of it,' and expired." The Quarterly reviewer aptly inquires, "Do such narratives command implicit faith? Did Goethe die calling for light? or Frederic Schlegel with *aber (but)* in his mouth? or Rabelais exclaiming, 'Drop the curtain; the farce is played out'? or Chesterfield, just after telling the servant, with characteristic politeness, 'Give Dayrolles a chair'? or Locke remarking to Mrs. Masham, 'Life is a poor vanity'? Did the expiring Addison call the young Earl of Warwick to his bedside that he might learn 'how a Christian could die'? Was Pitt's heart broken by Austerlitz, and were the last words he uttered, 'My country, oh, my country'?" In like manner, it might be asked, were the famous words, "Don't give up the ship," actually uttered by the dying Lawrence? or, as has been stated, were they the invention of the editor of the "Columbian Centinel" of Boston, who wished to console his fellow-townsmen for the loss of the Chesapeake?

Other articles of interest in this number of The Quarterly are on the autobiography of Lord Dundonald, the History of Art, and Earl Stanhope's Life of Pitt.

1. TEMPLE BAR. May. Willmer & Rogers.
2. ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE. May. The Same.

The popular English magazines named above are now regularly received by the London agents in this city, and in the present dearth of American books may well attract the attention of readers in pursuit of agreeable literary entertainment for a leisure hour. The former periodical devotes an article to a jovial English bishop of the seventeenth century, whose name is hardly known, except to professed antiquaries, at the present day. Our readers will thank us for bringing up a few pearls from these ancient biographical depths.

A LOVEABLE DIVINE.

One of the most loveable divines I ever read of was Richard Corbet, who attacked Puritanism so good-humoredly, when men were cropped polls, and who is entitled to much respect for his literary productions alone. How many of my fair and gentle readers have heard of this old prelate, and how many of them have read his books? Very few, I am sure, if any, even of those who haunt the reading room of the British Museum; whence, and from other quarters, I have gathered notes for a gossip about him and some of his companions. He is better company for a leisure hour than Mr. Tupper the Proverbial Philosopher, if he is worse company for a studious hour than Robert Browning, the kernel of whose dry diction you find so sweet and savory after you have spent hours in getting at it. Corbet was very orthodox, very English, very humorous, and idiosyncratic; he wrote verses full of trenchant satire and homely vigor. He was no Blougram, though he possessed all Blougram's self-complacence and belief in the Mother Church; though, when men were cutting each other's throats for the good of England, Gigadibs and he often passed the bottle together.

A WAG OF OXFORD.

There were wild wags in Oxford in those days, as there are now; they pelted each other with quip, quiddity, satire, and badinage, some of which took the form of bonbons, some the form of snow-balls with cruel stones in the core. There was both bad feeling and good feeling, but the latter predominated. The grave doctors and undergraduates tasted moderately of that "good liquor our forefathers did use to drink of, the drink which preserved their health and made them live so long, and do so many good deeds." They abused and complimented each other in song and epigram, Latin or English, blunt or euphuistic. Dainty passages of wit passed to and fro in the quadrangles; little animosities were vented in quaint copies of verses, that did no harm and relieved the author of a superfluity of bile. Corbet, in his frolicking days, headed the wild rovers, and led off many an intellectual revel; arguing in the college-hall, or plaguing the tutors, or tustling with the proctors. He entered into the sport with all his heart, incarnating its best drollery; his "delights did show most dolphin like." On one occasion, after he was a Doctor of Divinity, he and some companions were sitting at a tavern near the Cross of of Abingdon (which cross, says Aubrey, who tells the story, "was then the finest in England" . . . "was admirable curious gothic architecture, and fine figures in the niches"), when a vendor of ballads, hoarse with bawling, accosted them, and "complained that he had no custom, he could not put off his ballads." It was market day, and there was a great crowd in the street. "The jolly Doctor puts off his gown and puts on the ballad-singer's leathern jacket, and being a handsome man and a rare full voice, he presently vended a great many, and had a great audience." A strange prank this, for a venerable D. D.; but let us not be too severe. Set down this ballad-singing to sympathy with the ill-luck of him in the leathern jacket. The Doctor found higher game on other occasions; for there was a war of words going on between Oxford and Cambridge. Cambridge was snubbing her poets, slighting the *belles lettres*, and putting on antiquated sable. She had paid small honor to the "mountain belly and the rocky face" of her great son, the Apollo of the "Mermaid" tavern, so, at least, said the men of the sister university. So the Oxford men determined to use Ben as a means of flagellating the Cambridge men. Corbet was one of those who invited Jonson to come over to Oxford, and I trust the burly Laureate and the jolly Doctor ate of a wise sop together.

A QUAINT PREACHER.

He was interested about this time in a movement which is historical; and a brief allusion to his connection with it will interest every Londoner who has walked up Lndgate Hill to hear the ritual of a Sunday. Special subscription was opened up by the clergy for the purpose of rebuilding St. Paul's Cathedral, which had remained in ruins since its second destruction by fire, early in the reign of Elizabeth. Land subscribed one hundred pounds, to be renewed annually, and Corbet four hundred; and, headed by these well-known names, the subscription-list soon reached a very large total. Corbet preached a sermon on the subject, and took occasion to say many sly things to the congregation. This sermon, which is preserved, contains quaint sayings. For instance, alluding of course to the cathedral, the Bishop said: "St. Paul complains of stoning twice; his church of firing. Stoning she wants indeed, and a good stoning would repair her." There is another droll passage, which will serve as a thorn for the cushions of some churchgoers. "I am verily persuaded, that were it not for the pulpit and the pews (I do not now mean the shape and the font for the two sacraments, but for the pulpit and the pews as you call them), many churches had been down last stand. Stately pews are now become tabernacles, with rings and curtains to them. There wants nothing but beds to hear the Word of God on; we have cushions, locks, and keys, and cushions; I had almost said, bolsters and pillows; and for these we love the church. I will not guess what is done within them: who sits, stands, or lies asleep at prayers, communion, &c.; but this I dare say—they are either to hide some vice, or to proclaim one." This was pithy and witty enough to rebuke, without offending, the religious indolence of Dives; and it is a fair specimen of the sort of humor for which Corbet was famous as a preacher. Out of the pulpit he amused his friends by observations fully as mirth-provoking. He was extremely pleasant in conversation—an apt humorist.

"The St. James's Magazine" has fewer articles of an amusing character, but several of its papers are attractive for their spirited execution, as well as their instructive contents. "The Mystery of Water," and "British Diamonds," are excellent specimens of the popular mode of treating scientific subjects, which has become so fashionable of late. There is also a pleasant contribution called "Little Ones," by Thomas Hood, son of the great English humorist.

1. CHRIST ALONE. 2. WELCOME TO JESUS. 3. MORNING SACRIFICE. 4. IMPORTANT QUESTIONS. 5. HEAVENLY FATHER. 6. GREAT COMFORTER. By the American Tract Society, No. 2a Cornhill, Boston.

These are a part of a series of books prepared by the American Tract Society (Boston) for the soldiers. They are small volumes, bound in tough, flexible covers, so as to occupy but little room. We notice also upon the first leaf a few valuable items of "good advice from an old soldier," in regard to the proper care of the health, which will make the book doubly acceptable and useful to many a poor fellow in the tented field.

UNITED STATES REGISTER; OR, BLUE BOOK, FOR 1861-62. Compiled by J. DISTURNELL. 12mo., pp. 80. Charles Scribner.

A compact book of reference for questions relating to the Government of the United States, and American politics and statistics in general. It contains a list of the Federal officers, a skeleton view of the Rebellion of the Confederate States, and much other valuable information, together with a convenient map of North America.

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION IN THE SCHOOLS OF THE SOLDIER, COMPANY, AND BATTALION. Compiled by H. H. ALLEN. 12mo. pp. 240. M. Doolady.

The principles of Hardee's Tactics are presented, in a compendious form, in this little volume. It contains brief practical instructions for the usual military exercises, and is of a convenient size to be carried in the pocket or knapsack.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A New System of Paper Currency. By Lysander Spooner. 8 vo. pp. 117. Rees & Toomey.
Allen's Compendium of Hardee's Tactics. Compiled by H. H. Allen. 12mo. pp. 240. M. Doolady.
United States Register, Blue Book, for 1861-62. Compiled by J. Disturnell. 12mo. pp. 80. Charles Scribner.
A Memoir of Daniel Safford. By His Wife. 12mo. pp. 384. American Tract Society.
Christ's Prayer for the Death of His Redeemed. By Samuel Harris. 12mo. pp. 47. The Same.
Important Questions. By the Rev. James Smith. 18mo. pp. 64. The Same.
The Volunteer's Manual. By Lieut.-Col. D. W. C. Baxter. 18mo. pp. 62. King & Baird.
The Partisan Leader. By Beverly Tucker of Virginia. 12mo. pp. 185. Redd & Carleton.
The Handy Book for the U. S. Soldier on Coming into Service. 16mo. pp. 94. J. B. Lippincott & Co.
History of Latin Christianity. By Henry Hart Milman, D.D. In eight volumes. Vol. VIII. 12mo. pp. 361. Sheldon & Co.

NEW BOOKS AT PARIS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, April 30, 1861.

When, ten years ago, the tottering and emptied thrones of Europe were getting propped up again with bayonets and filled with monarchs, when prisons of State and penal colonies and free countries of refuge were filled with the enemies of "institutions" of property and family—torn or driven from their families and property by arbitrary force and illegal decrees, order reigned in Europe by the same authority as it reigned and reigns in Warsaw. The Empire was peace. The "Era of Revolution" was closed. The politico-conservative millennium had arrived.

Eighteen Forty-eight was a failure! This was the exultant cry of sincere reactionists; with some faint-hearted liberals it was the whining cry, with some broken-hearted liberals suppressed to a moan. "Our leading merchants," too many of them, cheerfully hummed it to a variation on the Psalm tune, *Te Deum Plutum laudamus!* The chorus, of high and low vulgar, lacking intellectual convictions, or hearty enthusiasm, or even vigorous prejudices, took up the phrase, as they do other catch words, and came to believe that it was the expression of a truth on the strength of their own repetition. The hearsay testimony of their own ears to their own lips was confirmed to them by the visible successes of the reaction as by the visible misfortunes of liberty.

Happily there was another party, and a large, though, from 1852 to 1859, not much respected one, composed of makers, writers, and thoughtful readers of history, of tough not to say fanatical confessors of the faith in everlasting right, who obstinately refused to accept the transient triumph of its enemies as a sample end of eternity.

> "And though they take our life,
> Goods, honor, children, wife,
> Yet is their profit small;
> These things shall vanish all—
> The city of God remaineth.

So sang Martin Luther, stoutly defiant of compromise or concession or submission or the Southern trade in indulgences, dashing the inkstand right at the Spirit of Evil at the very moment when he had donned his strong mail of craft and power. The movement to restore the Church to the purity of its old constitution, to liberate the souls of men from its enslaving power, looked then like a failure. It got on though, and "spite of hell has had its course," in fact is going on now.

History does not stagnate in segregate puddles; it has a continuous movement. No instruction can come from its study except on condition of this fact. Instruction was never more apt to the want of the time than it is to-day, both in Europe and America. No period of history is more illustrative of the fact and teller of instruction than that of 1848. A most timely help to its study is the work of Garnier Pages, *L'Histoire de la Revolution de* 1848, the first two of whose six volumes are now in print. The first of these is principally taken up with the Revolution in Italy, its causes and events, and with the relations between it and its leaders to the then French Government. The author carries his narrative no further than up to the days of June, when the Executive Commission, of which he was a member, resigned its power to the dictatorship of Gen. Cavaignac. He arranges it in three parts: the first extending to the end of March, 1848, when he had already been, as Minister of Finances, a member of the Provisional Government; the second, from that date to the 4th of May, when the Provisional Government resigned its powers to the National Assembly, which, by a nearly unanimous vote, elected M. Pages as one of the members of the Executive Commission already mentioned, whose term of power closes the third chronological period of his history. Here, then, is evidence of the author's opportunity to tell us the truth as to the matter in hand; the carefullest scrutiny of the open record of his long public life confirms faith in his honest purpose to tell the truth; his fidelity in fulfilling such purpose appears from the fact that he has given the past twelve years to the composition of this work—this first volume of which, relating to Italy, was *proof-read*, in other than the compositor's sense, and approved, as to statement of fact, line by line in manuscript by the writer's political and personal friend, the purest, noblest historical man of our time, let alone of Italian patriots, Daniel Manin. And here it is specially to be remarked that this volume is printed from the manuscript as it was completed to the dottings of i's and crossing of t's, before 1859. Events that have occurred since then qualify some of the opinions therein expressed by its author; but its facts become just thereby the more significant. To the reader of this volume it becomes irritably evident that 1848 was anything but a failure; that the United Italy of 1861 is the successor, the scholar well taught and profiting, by hard historical lessons of ten years, the graduate of 1848, commencing now, with a valedictory to its past tutelage, its full-grown life among the nations. The second volume of M. Garnier Pages's book treats of the contemporary movements in other countries of Continental Europe and in England. The best that can be said of the author's style is that it is always clear and readable. He offers no brilliant *mots*, no singularly fine rhetorical paragraphs fit for the brief citations, to which alone your crowded columns can offer hospitality. Those who read to be amused by anecdote, or to be gratified by a display of merely literary art, will not be content with this book. It is addressed to the intellectually working men of our time, and is eminently worthy of their attention.

It is nearly six months since I wrote you "about French books"—and my Catalogue Raisonné covering that long period must necessarily be imperfect. In the historical category we have: Thiers' 18th volume of the Consulate and the Empire, or rather the 1st volume supplementary to his 17th volume of the Consulate and the Empire. To my reading, this 18th is more interesting than almost any one of its predecessors; it treats of the state of parties in France at the time of the first restoration, and of the first session of the famous Congress of Vienna. In respect of the Vienna Congress, M. Thiers professes, doubtless with reason, to have obtained and used peculiar sources of information. While his use of them in this work adds greatly to our amusement and somewhat to our instruction, the whole drift of that part of his book is to sink our already low respect for that assembly of unconscientious diplomats who, as events have since proved, hardly deserve a higher grade as statesmen than as moralists.

Louis Blanc's eleventh volume of his History of the French Revolution covers the cumulating period of the Revolution, the campaign of '94, the *maximum*, the hight of the Reign of Terror, the counter revolution. Without succeeding in justifying, it goes toward explaining the policy of Robespierre on a road that we are bound to follow. Apart from opinions and conclusions that every one is free to accept, this volume, to a greater degree perhaps than any of its predecessors, gives facts, gathered mainly from documents in the British Museum, and now first presented to the world in a form that ought to challenge attention at least, if not to shake many hitherto accepted opinions respecting the Reign of Terror and its leaders. To those few who seek neither to blacken nor whiten Robespierre, and who separate history from personality, this volume of Louis Blanc will be most welcome.

The first of the six octavo volumes, entitled the *Memoires et Correspondance du Roi Jerome et de la Reine Catherine*, is among the latest publications of the French Press. The work forms a complement to the Memoirs and Correspondence of Joseph Bonaparte and Eugene Beauharnais—not as anecdotically entertaining nor as documentarily valuable as they, but still, despite Jerome, ex-King of Westphalia, far from worthless. Its historical worth, which is real, though not of the highest sort, shines patent through the rhetorical whitewashing of miserable Jerome spread over it and him by its literary editor. It is pity that some competent American editor would not add a supplementary seventh volume of the Memories and Correspondence of Jerome and his American Wife.

No member of the terrible National Convention has been more yelled at than the infamous *Le Bon*. But Joseph Le Bon was a man, could not have been, then, a mere monster of cruelty. A son of his has undertaken the defense of his public and private life, basing it largely on documentary evidence. A similar effort was made last year by a relative of St. Just. Both works are peculiarly worth reading. To any one who has read and pondered Carlyle's profoundly philosophical history of the French Revolution, the two books will help not to the thorough whitewashing, not to the legal justification of Le Bon and St. Just, but to a wise, humble, pitying comprehension of their political cruelty. We are to thank God that we are not so tried as they were—*not* to thank God that we [untried] are better than they.

L'Esprit de la Guerre, by Villaimot, author of a remarkable History of the French Revolution, treated from the advanced Republican point of view; the second volume of the *Correspondance Diplomatiques de Joseph de Maistre*, from 1811 to 1817, discovered, arranged, and published by Albert Blanc, to the great vexation of the pure Church-and-State reactionists, who find therein revealed the profound contempt and biting sarcasm of the strong-minded de Maistre for the bungling practice which they confound with the principle of civil and religious right; new editions of Michelet's historical works, of Henri Martin's General History of France, and Thiers's History of the Revolution—[this is the *fifteenth* edition of this voluminous work]—these are the most prominent of the grave historical publications from the French press since last October.

Of a lighter kind, we have, since that date, a series of papers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from the elegant pen of St. René Taillandier, telling us *all* about the Princess Louise of Stolberg, who became, successively, mock Queen of England by virtue of her marriage with the last Pretender, (the Pretender of Scott's Redgauntlet), the mistress of the Italian poet Alfieri, and next of the now forgotten French painter, de Fabro—the Countess of Albany; then [not light, solid rather, though readable] *Etudes historiques, politiques et litteraires sur les Juifs de l'Espagne; Les Anabeptistes des Vosges*, by Alfred Michiels, who has published a clever, historico-pamphleteering volume on and against the House of Austria, which is rather worth looking into, especially by those who, from a defect in their intellectual constitutions, are apt to regard the acts of all established powers as necessarily free from the vices and crimes of revolutionists; *Scenes de la Vie Juive en Alsace*, an original and clever French work, and *Scenes du Ghetto* and *Les Juifs de Bohême*, translated by its author from the faithful, sympathetic German text of Leopold Rompert; and here let me draw breath on the historical part of my catalogue.

And still, Montalembert's works, now publishing in full edition—speeches, pamphlets, &c.—connect with the political history of France for the past 30 years. Probably no living writer is so eloquent, generous, bigoted, self-contradictory, and readable as the Count of Montalembert. His later pamphlets, his fine two introductory volumes to the History of the Western Monks, his polemical review articles, and his last week's admirably vituperative "Second Letter to Count Cavour," are all more or less prolonged oratorical essays, or essaying orations. Any of his speeches print well as pamphlets—any of his pamphlets would have been effective rhetorically as orations; his most serious work, the eloquent history of the Monks of the West, would "cut up" very well into speeches or review articles.

The swelling title of M. Charles Poisot's little book reminds one of the clapboard Grecian porticoes to those houses of the Pilgarlic classic order, so much in vogue a few years ago, before the Pilgarlic clapboard gothic and modern Italian (equally unfitted to our or any other climate, and naturally finished building material) came into fashion; it, Poisot's title, is *Histoire de la Musique en France*, from the most remote ages, of course, up or down, to the last current moment, of course. Despite the extravagance of title, the little book has its merit, and can be safely commended (as competent A. W. Thayer tells me), to historico-musical seekers. Vastly more entertaining than that is *L'Année Musicale*, or "Annual Review of the lyric theaters, concerts, musical events, and of all literature bearing upon the same, by M. Scudo, the competent and honorable musical critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Of the two hundred comedies, tragedies, vaudevilles, farces, and Ebretti, published in the last six months, I cannot stop here to speak; but before leaving the theater must at least give the titles of some correlative books. There is the *Princesses de Comédie et Déesses d'Opera*, "portraits, cameos, profiles, silhouette," done by the man most fit of all living to do that sort of subject, Arsene Houssaye, who should have been born in the last century and had a place in the household of Madame de Pompadour—to judge him by his writings; he has all the requisite intellectual and animal vivacity, the falsely refined taste, and the unmanliness of sentiment. Here, if anywhere, is the place to direct attention to the fact of the cotemporaneous publication of young Victor Hugo's close and M. Guizot's free translations of Shakespeare. Here is a great advance from the time of Voltaire; two rather costly editions of the barbarous Shakespeare, one of them closely literal, being readily taken up by French literary consumers.

Les Souvenirs et les Regrets of an old *(soi disant)* amateur and connoisseur frequenter of the Theatre Français are barely worth reading by theatrical specialists. Such specialists may look forward with legitimate interest to the publication of the Archives of the Theatre Francais, which has been announced unauthoritatively by several journals and by various rumor any time the past six months. These archives must be rich in curious documents on the beginnings of the French theater, on the conditions of the first company, of which Moliere was the manager. Fitly edited, a book made up from them would be a rarely valuable contribution to the curiosities of the literature and history of the modern drama.

Most notable in philosophy are the two octavo volumes of the posthumous works of Bordas Demoulin, with introduction and notes by that original life, with introduction and notes by that original thinker's continued disciple, M. Huet; a stout octavo "Notice" of the life and works of Auguste Comte by Dr. Robinet, the attendant physician and one of the thirteen testamentary executors of that philosopher